# A POEM

## On the famous Ship

CALLED

# The Loyal London.

Begun at the charge of the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commoners of the City of *London*, in the year 1665. and Lanched *June* 10. 1666. which they presented to His Majesty as a testimony of their Loyalty and dutiful affection; And built at *Deptford* by Captain *Taylor*.

By WILLIAM SMITH.

*LONDON*,
Printed for *Nath: Brook*, at the Angel in *Cornhill*, 1666.

## Committee appointed to take care for the building of the Ship *LOYAL LONDON*. 15. *March* 1664.

Sir *John Lawrence*
Sir *Tho*: *Adams*
Sir *Rich*: *Brown*
Sir *John Frederick*
Sir *John Robinſon*
Sir *An*: *Bateman*
Sir *Tho*: *Bludworth*
Sir *Wil*. *Turner*
Sir *R*: *Ford*
Sir *R*: *Ryves*
} Alder.

Sir *Tho*: *Chambrelan*
Sir *Wil*: *Bateman*
Sir *A*: *Ingram*
Captain *Ryves*.
Col. *Nevile*
Deputy *Tivill*
Mr. *N*: *Pening*
Deputy *Canham*
Deputy *Jefferies*
Major *Stroud*
*Sam*: *Foot* Eſq.
*Hen*: *Bainbrigg* Eſq. *mort*.
Col. *Clegat*
Mr. *Tho*: *Pilkington*
Deputy *Warren*
Deputy *Throckmorton*
*Tho*: *Culling* Eſq.
Captain *Birkin*
Deputy *Lluellin* and
Mr. *Jonathan Aſh* mort.
} Com.

Licenſed

Licensed *June* 15.
*Roger L'estrange.* 1666.

# A POEM
ON
# The Loyal London.

WHen envious Fate, or Errour had diſſolv'd
The former *London*, and her ſelf involv'd,
Her Men, her Guns, her Tackling in a cloak
Of ſudden lightning and ſulphureous ſmoak,
She roar'd out thus. *Another (though I burn)*
*Shall bloſſome from, and grace my watry Urne;*
*A LOYAL LONDON, who ſhall long proclaim*
*Her Princes greatneſs, and her CITY'S fame.*
This mightier *Phœnix* now at length we have,
The greater birth of her great Mother's grave.
Th' *Eſcurial* of the Deep, whoſe State may bear
As well as *Titus* Amphitheater,

The name of Wonder; and deſerves a room
Above the ruines of the *Carian* Tomb.
Her bulk's for uſe, her beauty ſtrength doth hide;
Thoſe were th' effects of Luxury and Pride.
Yet e're kind *Zephyr* with officious gales
Salutes her Canvas, or employs her ſails;
Before the wondring *Nereides* ſhall diſcern
Her threat'ning Lyon, or her guilded Stern;
On the admiring Surges floating ere
Among her Siſter-wonders ſhe appear,
(Cathedrals high-aſpiring heads at land
Thus lift, and o're the humbler Churches ſtand,)
Her mighty timbers, and her large-ſiz'd beams.
*Thames* firſt receiv's on his tranſparent ſtreams,
Glad to behold and bear this pompous load,
His reed-environ'd head from's moiſt abode
He now advanc'd, and thus begins to ſay,
Whilſt ſilver-footed Nymphs about him play.

I'm He, whom th' Ocean moſt of all his Sons
Does court; my cryſtal current gently runs,
And ſends ſuch winged fortreſſes abroad
As awe the world, and *Thetis* ſhoulders load.

*Iberian*

*Iberian Pagus* ſlight thy golden Oare;
My fertile banks exceed thy barren ſhoare.
And *Nereus* knows my force o're him prevails;
His arms my Cables preſs, his back my Sails.
To *Fibers* awful *Faſces* yielding place,
So once the Ocean did ſubmit his Mace.
Surrounding *Drake* about the vaſt globe rowls,
Viewing the *Artick* and *Antartick* Poles,
Yet his ſmall Pinnace coaſting did but ſhow
A vain *Ludibrium* on rough *Neptunes* brow.
Built o're the ſubdu'd billows to give Law,
Both to encompaſs, and the world to awe,
Here's *SHEE*, whom uncontrolled Fates have choſe
To check the boldneſs of our Neighboring foes;
Whoſe ſolid planks, when on rude waves they paſs,
Contemn the fury of the thund'ring Braſs.
No Sea-exciting guſts or Storms ſhe fears;
Much lowder tempeſts in her ſelf ſhe bears:
Through foaming *Neptunes* boiling waves ſhe glides,
*Ætnas* incloſed in her armed ſides;
And trembling *Holland* her more dreadful finds
Then raging ſtorms rais'd by Autumnal winds:

From

From out each Port-hole a *Veſuvius* roars
In maſsie Iron, and not in Cinder ſhowers,
Whoſe unperceived ſpeed leave far behind
Strong *Corus* o're the ſlower Eaſtern Wind;
Like wrathful Angels her lowd Guns do breath
On obvious Mortals unexpected Death;
And She, as *Sinon's* Horſe, bears armed men,
Not by cloſe plots, but open force to win;
Whoſe *Sterling* valour in true worth doth ſhine
without the baſe *allay* of Brandy-wine.
To move revenge, and to incite our rage
what hood-wink'd raſhneſs did the *Dutch* engage?
Depriv'd of Herrings (but our ſlighted ſtore)
Soon they will be ſo deſpicably poor,
As when they made their *Idolized thing*,
And firſt took Arms againſt their Catholick King;
In whoſe Dominions Heaven's bright Cohorts have
Their riſe and ſet, their cradle and their grave.
With equall folly, and with equal fate
Miſtaken *Carthage* urg'd the *Romane* State.
Oh may I ſtill the *Loyal London* ſee
Triumphant o're our foes return from Sea,

A living Monument and a laſting ſtory
Of her great Maſters and his Citie's glory!
He having ſpoke in this, or ſuch a ſtraine,
His aged head his flouds receive again.

Slightly encamp'd the Ancient *Conſuls* lie,
Their *Evocati* and *Triarij* nigh,
Secur'd with treble foſſes arm'd with ſtakes,
Whilſt at each port an order'd *Cohort* wakes
Our better fenced *Iſle*, which *Thetis* laves,
Entrench'd by *Nereus* with unconquer'd waves;
A liquid Rampier of fierce ſurges arms,
And we encamp'd within ſecure from harms.
Defended thus by careful Nature's hand,
Sole Umpiers of the Weſtern world we ſtand;
When with extended Sails rough Seas we ſweep,
Our ſturdy Oaks re-floriſh in the deep.
On tumid billows toſt with furious winds
Our warlike SEAMAN ſteady footing finds,
With *Roman* courage, *Roman* conſtancy,
Intends to conquer, or intends to die;
Proteſts that Quagmire *Holland* now doth quake,
Fearing our arms will to one Chaos ſhake,

Butter and Cheeſe, united *Boors* and *Bogs*,
And pickle up *Mijnhere* with Eeles and Frogs;
His ſober brain provok'd, contemns vain fear,
Nor needs the fury of the Grape or Beer;
He without Brandy his true valour ſhows,
Engaged heats, ſtill fighting fiercer grows;
His daring heart and good ſucceſs alike
O're the *Dutch* ſinews a chill Ague ſtrike;
The great *Auguſtus* once affrighted thus
The weaker Angel of *Antonius*.

We floating Forts (our Guardian Angels) ſend
Our foe to vanquiſh, or aſsiſt our friend;
Vainly the *Friar* his Braſen Head invokes,
For Braſen walls we have braſs-armed Oaks;
Swift Oaks, whoſe flame-wink'd thunder can with eaſe
Command the Ocean and the narrow Seas;
And our ſucceſsful Red Croſs ſtill did come
From Sea victorious, and triumphant home.

With equall courage and with equal fate,
Our antient TITLE we at land debate;
whilſt our Victorious Armies twice advance
The Engliſh Standard through the heart of *France*;

*France*,

*France*, on whoſe face our Swords have left more ſcarrs
Then mighty *Cæſar* in his ten years wars.
And *Monſeur*, if you queſtion this report,
Read *Creſcy*, *Poictiers*, *Vernoil*, *Agincourt*:
They'r your own Chronicles will tell you who
On one poor *Rump* oft ſup'd and dined too.
Great *Julius* Eagles fixt their rav'nous claws,
When under various Princes, various Laws;
We did our Conqueſt to a period bring,
When *France* was ſubject to one Potent *King*.
Majeſtick *Rome* did back his conquering cauſe,
*Rome* to the wealthy Eaſt which then gave Laws;
The *French* provoked *Scotch* with hoſtile rage,
And ſudden fury did our backs engage;
His were old Souldiers, ours had ſeen no foe;
And that Mercurial, aëry Nation know,
Our civil broils were the unhappy chance,
Not *Joan* nor *Charls*, which thruſt us out of *France*;
It was our ſelves, our ſelves that overthrew!
None could our Arms, but our own Arms ſubdue.
'Twas our *Black Edward*, ſhak'd th' *Iberian* Crown,
And diſpoſſeſſed *Pedro* did enthrone;

'Twas

Twas our ſtout *Richard* won the Holy Land,
Both Prince and Victor did in *Cyprus* ſtand.

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# To the King.

BUt You, Great Prince, from whom do bloſſom forth
All former virtues, and all former worth,
Have propagated more the Britiſh powers
Then our old Monarchs, your great Anceſtours.
Our ancient *Saxon* King did ſometime pleaſe
O're ſmaller limits of the narrow Seas
To ſit triumphant, view the neighboring ſhoares,
whilſt Captive Kings tug'd at his laboring oares.
The Earth-environing Ocean doth obey
The mild commands of your diffuſive ſway.
How do our Annals *Edward's* fame advance
For worſting once the Naval Force of *France*?
Far higher muſt your great renown appear,
who worſted, and triumphed over *Her*,
Whoſe avaritious domineering rage,
You ſtanding *Neuter*, might the world engage.

In

In our Terreſtrial Sphere long may you move,
Your Subjects ſafety, and your Subjects love!
Your watchful thoughts, and your unwearied care,
Succeeding ages will with joy declare;
Tell, how without th' expence of their own bloud,
Or ſweat, You wiſely have contriv'd their good;
Cry out, oh Happy Age! even then alone
Both Arms and Arts in full perfection ſhone!
Then did the Sacred Nine ſing in a ſtrain
Not much exceeded in *Auguſtus* reign.

TO

# To the City.

I Know, oh ſtately *City*, my low praiſe,
Nor diſproportion'd verſe thy glory raiſe:
If of thy Arms, or of thy Arts I ſing,
Or neighb'ring fields bleſt with perpetual Spring;
When *Jove* to ſeaſons turn'd the fleeting year,
He left that ancient priviledge only here;
Or if I ſay, the rareſt things thou haſt
To feed the eye, or to provoke the taſt;
Yea, if *Lucullus* had but ſeen thy ſtore,
He muſt have thought's Luxurious Kitchin poor;
Or of thy wholſome ſite for air and health,
Or mighty trafick, or abundant wealth;
Or thy old ſplendor, power, and great renown;
*Paulinus* did ſee thee a famous Town;
Or of thy River, which ſuch Fleets doth bear,
As *Lumbardſtreet* ſhews us both *Indies* here;
Or ſhould I ſay, thou always wert the great
*Emporeum* of our Kings, and regal Seat.

To compleat all, and now to ſerve thy King,
Thou didſt at laſt to full perfection bring
This mighty Ship, this work of many days,
To thy great credit and eternal praiſe;
Although begun when ſcarce thou drew thy breath,
In a ſad night of horror and of Death;
And ſhe (I hope) will recompence alone
The former *London* and the *Prince*, that's gone.
The *Prince*, which (if the Muſes can divine)
May prove a *Phœnix* too; one ſhall out-ſhine
Her, built by the brave Liberality,
And forward hearts of our *Nobility*;
Whoſe worthy ſervice ſhall for many years
The Honour tell and Splendour of our *Peers*.
That in their veins, this reſolution ſhows,
The antient bloud of their great Fathers flows.

*FINIS.*

To